

A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

THE DAILY
SHORT STORY

Annabel's Godson.

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ANNABEL had chosen him to be her godson because she liked his name. Peter Winslow. It sounded as though he might be a nice sort of chap, for Annabel had always liked the name Peter. Her sister chose one named John, and her chum, preferred Henry, but Annabel stuck to Peter. Annabel's brother had brought home the list of names from his camp. They were lonely fellows, every one of them, he said, and would appreciate letters from some nice girl. So the girls wrote, friendly, whimsical letters, or motherly letters, full of advice, as they saw fit. Annabel started out by being motherly. She was sure that Peter would not know enough to take ginger tea if he got neuralgia, and he needed directions for sewing on buttons. But Peter's first letter, to her quite upset this attitude. Evidently he took her for an uninteresting old lady, and that would never do. So Annabel wrote like a very young girl, gay and a bit slangy. And Peter's answer was grave, perhaps a little disapproving. Annabel frowned over it, much puzzled.

"Now, what kind of a person is he, anyway?" she asked herself. "He might be stupid or uninteresting, or else—I can't tell a single thing from the way he writes!"

The girls had neglected to get detailed descriptions of each soldier from Herbert; indeed it was doubtful whether he knew them personally, anyway. Annabel felt herself consumed with a strong desire to visit the nearby camp and see what Peter was like.

Her brother Herbert, quite obdurate on the point of describing Peter.

"See for yourself," he urged. "He and some of the other fellows are going to a reception at your club on Saturday. You ought to be able to pick him out—your own godson!"

There were a great many soldiers at that reception. It was one of those friendly affairs arranged expressly for the entertainment of boys far away from home. And it was the duty of the girls, as hostesses, to make the soldiers feel at home. When Annabel arrived the party was in full swing. Young men in khaki were grouped about pretty girls in gay gowns, sometimes several to one girl, sometimes several girls to one soldier. Everyone seemed to be having a good time. Annabel swept the room with a searching glance. If Peter was there it was quite evident that some one had pre-empted him. How, among all these strange men, could she find her Peter?

And then her eye fell upon a very plain, apparently very shy young man who stood alone in a far doorway, as though he had just arrived and was quite uncertain what to do next. It was her obvious duty to make him feel at home, so Annabel crossed the room and told him she was glad that he had come, and all the other pleasant things that a hostess is supposed to say. The young man looked at her uncertainly, and turned quite red. He was a very shy young man. They sat down and talked sketchily of the camp and the war in general and the clubhouse and everything that could possibly seem interesting. But conversation lagged, nevertheless, and no other joined them to ease the situation. Annabel began to feel a little desperate. Here the whole afternoon was going and she was tied to this stupid boy, without even a chance to look for her Peter!

"You don't happen to know a—Mr. Winslow among the soldiers, do you?" she asked him suddenly.

Again the young soldier turned red.

"Why—yes, that is my name," he returned.

"Oh!" Annabel exclaimed, and added vaguely, "I think perhaps I've heard my brother speak of you."

But she was conscious of very keen disappointment. He did not know that she was his godmother, and she would not tell him, either! It would make him shiver than ever if he knew that he had been writing to her, and anyway, she had rather lost interest. The surprising thing about it was that his letters were so interesting, when he was, apparently, such a stupid young man!

Some one else came up just then, and after a decent interval Annabel made her escape. She did not want to stay at the reception any more, after all she had accomplished what she came for. Henceforth her letters to Peter Winslow should be chiefly about the weather, current events, and other topics which should concern a godmother. Of course, she meant to do her duty by him, but as far as interest was concerned—

She was so wrapped up in her thoughts that she ran square into a tall soldier who was just coming through the doorway.

"I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed, in contrite tones. "D did I hurt you?"

"Oh, no—that is—no you didn't!" Annabel smiled. "It was my fault, anyway."

And then, quite curiously, they stood still and stared at one another, openly, for almost a minute.

"Now where," Annabel was the first to speak, "have I seen you before, I have, somewhere—"

"I remember, even if you don't. It was in the eighth grade, way back in Oldport. You sat across the aisle from me and you used to wear a blue sailor suit. Your name is Annabel Ames."

Annabel gasped. "Of course! I remember, only—how you've grown!"

They both laughed. "Come in and sit down here by the window," she invited him. "I'd like to hear some more about Oldport. They spent ten minutes or more in recalling the old school-days, but all the time Annabel was puzzled, trying to remember his name. Everything else she knew, the way he used to sharpen pencils for her, the time he pulled the school down, but she could

not remember his name!

"I've a young brother here somewhere," he remarked suddenly. "There he is over by the door. You never knew him, did you?"

"Your brother?" she exclaimed. "No—I only remember you. You are—Peter Winslow!"

"Of course, don't say that you had forgotten my name!"

He spoke so earnestly, quite as though the idea hurt, that Annabel could not tell him that she had. Besides, she was not sure after all that she had not remembered Peter Winslow when she chose him for her godson. Indeed, that must have been why she chose him. Of course, she had remembered Peter Winslow!

"I suppose that you have a god-mother who writes letters to you?" she asked.

"Yes, and I'd like to meet her, too. The queerest thing, I can't make out from her letters whether she's a young girl or an old woman. I don't know how to answer her."

"Oh," said Annabel, "you do very well. You see—I happen to be your godmother."

"You?" Peter Winslow's eyes were shining.

"Yes, would you rather it was an old lady?"

"I'd rather it were you than anyone else in the world," he said. "I've never forgotten you. If I'd known—"

"And I've never forgotten you, either," Annabel returned softly. "I guess I'm very well pleased with my godson."

U. S. Tested
Food Recipes

By MISS BLANCHE PRICE

County Home Demonstration Agent.

CORN STARCH DESSERTS.

Corn Starch Pudding:

2 c. milk scalded.

4 T. corn starch.

4 T. sugar substitute.

1 t. salt.

1 c. cold milk.

1 t. vanilla.

Method—Mix corn starch, salt, sugar substitute, and cold milk. Add to scalded milk slowly stirring constantly. Stir until smooth then cover and cook 45 minutes in double boiler. Add vanilla and pour into molds previously wet with cold water. Serve cold with cream. Variety may be given by adding 2 squares chocolate.

Method—Melt chocolate over hot water, add scalded milk gradually. Finish as in plain pudding.

To make Corn Starch Fruit Pudding—Use the above recipe reducing the amount of corn starch one-half.

Make the plain pudding then pour it over sliced oranges or canned peaches.

Abbreviations—T, tablespoon; t, teaspoon; c, cup; 2 T, butter substitute, 1 t, milk.

Lutherans Start
War Savings Society

Grace English Lutheran Sunday school yesterday morning organized a war savings society with these officers: General, W. H. Shafferman; captain generals, Prof. George H. Colebank and J. F. Shafferman.

The idea is by a means of systematic savings of thrift stamps the Sunday school will start a fund toward the securing an organ for the church. Two different teams will compete for honors as to which can raise the most.

CABBAGE IS MOST IMPORTANT OF
GARDEN'S COLE CROPS

GARDEN LESSON NO. 34.

One of the most important of garden crop classifications is the cole group of vegetables. These include cabbage, kale, Brussels sprouts, cauliflower and kohlrabi.

All are easily grown, require cool, moist soil and thrive best in cool seasons.

They are hardy and survive light frosts.

All should be started in seedbeds and transplanted to the outdoors after getting a good start. The exceptions are kale and kohlrabi, although some gardeners start kale in a hoisted for extra early harvest.

Cole crops are gross feeders on both plant food and moisture. Plenty of well-rotted manure must be spaded into the ground, and if the season is dry, water must be poured near the roots—never on the plant leaves.

Among the best early varieties of cabbage are Charleston Wakefield, Newark, Flat Dutch, Henderson, Early Summer and Early Spring. Premium Flat Dutch, Autumn King, and Succession are well thought of for late harvest.

Plant two feet apart in rows 2 or 3



Parry frock of tulle over a pink underslip. The bodice, sleeves and sash effect with sequins adorning the top. Copyright Underwood & Underwood.

:: CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE ::

After the dedication which I have already given to you, little book, of mine, Dick said, "I expect it is because I have been told a most disheartening piece of news that I am writing this somewhat assinine thing. Perhaps, dear Margie, it is also because I have also known what great comfort you have found in your little book, is another reason why I am going to try and write down my side of our life's story. But this manuscript, my dear, will be different from yours because you have always said that no eyes but your own will ever see your little book and these pages, wife of mine, are expressly written for you.

"I expect I would never have dreamed of doing this had not Dr. Viro told me this morning that if I should live over six months it would be on stolen time.

"It rather pulls a man up short, to have the sentence of death passed

upon him. And I think when a man gets his from his physician, it feels different—more sure even than when a man receives his from a judge.

"There must be more hope in a man's heart, even though an hour before he has stood before a stern judge in a black cap and heard him pronounce his death sentence, than in the heart of a man who has heard words of the same import from the pitying and kindly lips of a physician.

"I have thought for a long time, that my life was not of long duration, but to have that thought confirmed and put into words after a long physical examination by a diagnostician, in whom one has the greatest confidence, rather shakes one up.

"I do not believe I am afraid, Margie, but I must confess I am passing a sleepless night. It seems so strange to project my thoughts into the future a few months and see you with a babe at your breast and know that I will not be there to look upon your happiness.

"And, Margie, some way tonight I am like a drowning man—all my life with you—for dearest, I really did not live until you came into my arms and home—is passing before me, and I see my great mistakes and my little successes.

"As you read this, Margie, I expect at the end you will remember that quotation that was so often on your lips—I can't remember the exact words but it was about how everything in the lives of all of us would go on placidly if only the dead could sometimes come back and be forgiven.

"I used to think when you have the correct quotation that it was rather senseless but now I know that the poet knew just what he was talking about, for the one great thought, the one great longing in my heart tonight, dear wife, is that I might be able to creep into your arms after you have read these pages and be forgiven. For when you read these pages, Margie, I will be gone out of your life forever and, however much I would like to do so, I cannot come back, even to be forgiven by my generous hearted wife.

"I have often wondered how much of our lives together you have put down in your little book.

"You know you have never told me

MAY CLEARAWAY

of

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Less

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for
Quality

If your confessions, as you call them, are historical, cryptosophical—whether they are human documents, or heart-throbs. Sometimes I rather expect they are both.

"Mine, I am afraid, will not be very analytical, for you know, Margie, that it is only given to the literary 'gen' to be analytical, but somehow I have all at once become somewhat interested in writing these memories at it were.

"It is very probable that they will

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DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(PANSY IS ONLY POLITE WHEN SHE WANTS TO BE.)—BY ALLMAN.

